Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſtreſſe of *Hecat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pittied and releeued,
As thou my ſome-time daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the Dragon and his (wrath
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kinde nurſery, hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I do inueſt you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the additions to a King,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beſoued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my Maſter followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'ſt thou that duty
Shall haue dread to ſpeake, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainneſſe honours bound, when Maieſty ſtoops to folly,
Reuerſe thy doome, and in thy beſt conſideration
Checke this hideous raſhneſſe, anſwer my life,
My iudgement, thy yongeſt daughter does not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reuerbs no hollowneſſe.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*——
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. Vaſſall, recreant.
Kent. Do, kill thy Phyſition,
And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lear. Heare me, on thy alleigeance heare me;
Since thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtraied pride,
To come betweene our ſentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away,